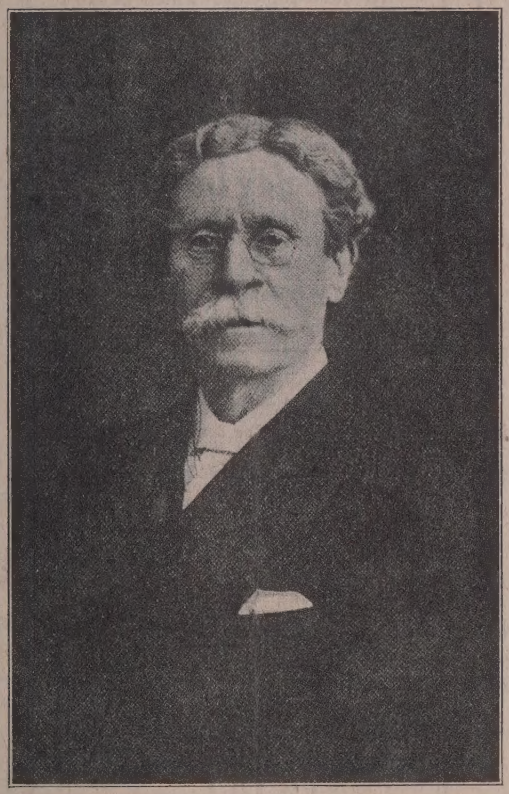
Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, January 17, 1918 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion



THOMAS LLOYD JONES
May 17, 1847
Oct. 18, 1917

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 307
The Passing of a Genial Worker for Humanity 309
The Rev. Tom Lloyd Jones.—REV. REES JENKINS JONES 310

THE PULPIT—
This Enormous Year (1917). Its Terrors, Tragedies and Triumphs.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.. 312

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
An International Christian Meeting.—C. W. W.. 317
From the Editor's Letter Crate..... 318
Protest Against Use of Red Cross Funds for Tobacco.—*Margaret Dye Ellis* 318

POETRY—
God's Sunshine.—*John Oxenham* 307
An Ice Storm.—*Angela Morgan*..... 317
To Fritz Kreisler.—*Percy MacKaye*..... 318

THE FIELD—
The Annual Meeting of All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre 319
A Christmas Wish in War-Time..... 320

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

Buy At Home
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Ave.

Carry a Complete
line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine
and Other Drug Using

Successful for 33 Years

**and still the best because
we keep up to date always**

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet
***All Correspondence Confidential
in plain envelope***

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
Chicago Office:
Suite 906 Rector Bldg.
79 W. Monroe Street

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

TO UNITY'S NEW READERS

No magazine can live without continual new subscriptions. The best advertisements of any periodical are its readers.
The imminence of the Holiday Season suggests UNITY as a welcome gift to your friends.
Will you help us and help us right now?
How many new subscribers can you send us with which to begin the New Year?
Who will send us the longest list by the First of January?

Subscription price, $2.00 per year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 700 Oakwood Blvd., CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE YARDS 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1918. NUMBER 20

GOD'S SUNSHINE

Never—once—since the world began
Has the sun ever once stopped shining.
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at his inconstancy;
But the clouds were really to blame, not he,
For, behind them, he was shining.

And so—behind life's darkest clouds
God's love is always shining.
We veil it at times with our faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our foolish tears,
But in time the atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.

The Vision Splendid. —*John Oxenham.*

Josephine Hampton, a Boston correspondent of the *Survey* for January 12, reports that the British Board of Liquor Control, in a careful investigation found that 40 per cent of the men examined in London in 1916 became intoxicated on beer and stout alone. These drinks run from three to seven per cent in alcohol content while the so-called light wines of France run from six to twelve per cent. This correspondent argues well when she says, "Once men are given permission to enter saloons, nobody can control what they drink."

The Hampton Institute has found a successor to the late lamented President Frizzell in Reverend James E. Gregg, recent pastor of the Congregational Church at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Harvard and of the Yale Divinity School. He has been called to a notable succession. We can think of no educational position in America with a more inspiring past or inviting future. It is only through the triumphs of Hampton, Tuskegee and similar institutions that the cruel wounds of the civil war are to be healed. The chasm between North and South may have been removed by the mobilization of armies for other wars, but the chasm between black and white can be removed only by the education of both white and black. Science, art and religion find their permanent foundation below the color line, and the fellowship demanded by these forces is unconscious of race distinctions.

John E. Williams of Streator, Illinois, will soon be where Alexander was when he mourned for new worlds to conquer. For many years he has been the successful arbitrator in the clothing industry of Chicago, his success here calling him often to New York. His work as counsellor in the coal mining industry led to his appointment as Fuel Administrator for Illinois, and now he is called by the mutual consent of employers and employes to adjust the delicate issues in the packing industry. John Williams was a plain hard-working Welsh miner who served his long and efficient apprenticeship with pick and shovel underground. He still rejoices in the mother tongue of Lloyd-George and in the religious faith of William Ellery Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson. There is a reason in all this, a spiritual connection. Faith in man springs out of faith in God and justice and brotherhood demand international sympathies which grow imperative with international confidences.

Two scenes reported by eyewitnesses at the UNITY sanctum during the recent relentless snowstorm and the almost unconquerable snow blockade in Chicago.—A woman stumbling and plunging head downward in the middle of the street on which the street cars were not running: an automobile is bearing down on her, its honk grows more and more imperative and assumes more and more impudent accents; finally the woman dives into a deep drift, the automobile, bearing one lady passenger, passes complacently by. Another scene.—Two shop girls are pushing through the drifts where no cars are running on their way to their far off downtown tasks. An automobile overtakes them with a single man passenger. It stops and the man says, "How far are you going, ladies?" "We have started down town, but we don't know whether we can reach the office." "I am going down town, too, come in and ride." Next day, the storm still unrelenting and cars uncertain, a chauffeur calls at the home of these women employes with the massage that Mr. —— is not going to his office that morning, but he says that the automobile is at your service and of any other girls that you may be able to pick up. Which of these, thinkest thou, proved neighbor to these women? "And he said: 'He who showed mercy to them.' And Jesus said, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals celebrated its fiftieth anniversary this year. Its story is a benignant one. *Our Dumb Animals,* its monthly organ, has carried its message of gentleness and its fellowship of brotherhood far and wide. Its ministry has reached from the nursery to the preacher's study; from the school room to leg-

islative halls. The January number of this beautifully printed, always thought-provoking monthly is rallying the friend of the dog in Massachusetts where a struggle is anticipated in the State Legislature. An attempt will be made to reduce the number of dogs by heavy taxation under the belief that the sheep industry suffers from the depredations of dogs. The decline of the sheep business is probably easily traced to other causes, chiefly to the growth of the dairy interest. The cow and the steer have commercially won out in a competition with the sheep; but be that as it may, the dog has been an ameliorating element in civilization. Animals were domesticated as pets before they were bred for economic purposes, and the domestication of animals is one of the fundamental elements in the civilization of man. The dog is man's highest achievement in this direction and he has been as great a marvel in the psychic as he has been in the physical life of the human.

Dr. Lee McCollester of Tufts College, Massachusetts, in a recent address on American Universalism tells anew the interesting story of John Murray, English refugee for conscience sake, who, cast away on a New Jersey shore, stumbled on Thomas Potter, who pointed to a little church among the trees and said, "I built yonder church for the preaching of the Gospel of Love. As I saw your boat caught in the shallows something said to me, 'Potter, in that ship is the man who will preach your faith.'" And here is the point from which the Universalists in America date their origin. Dr. McCollester says that it was not until 1869, one hundred years after the landing of John Murray, that Universalists demanded anything like a national league or organization of their forces. The good Doctor argues well in behalf of such an organization and resents the implication that the time has gone by when a separate Universalist denomination is needed. We would not lessen the ardor of our Universalist brethren, but would console them in their fewness and often proven "inefficiency" as denominationalists in the thought that John Murray's message was caught up by the American breezes that carried it into millions of hearts uncatalogued in the denominational year-book. And it is now being preached from thousands of pulpits that shun the name Universalist, but rest more or less confidently in the thought of Universal Love. Well may the Universalists then rejoice in the words of the man who is at the head of the ministers' training school in connection with Tufts College:

> Modern Universalism measures its success by the ideals of hope, the better life it can give to souls crying for the light.
>
> The old dogmatism sought to save the souls of men for a salvation in a future world.
>
> Modern Universalism seeks to save the bodies and souls of men now, believing that salvation begins on earth and is concerned with men, body, mind, and spirit, in this life as much as in the world to come.

Or, if contrasts are eliminated, the affirmation of the Universalist is:

> Back of all is God, whose nature is that of a father.
>
> Man is the welcomed and loved child of this good God.
>
> This child is endowed by nature with divine qualities.
>
> Its destiny is to develop and exercise these powers to their fullest measure.
>
> Man has always a universe in which to travel, always a power of soul able to go on as paths open and always a divine spirit near to reinforce the soul in its needs. Forever onward, forever Godward is man's destiny.

The Universalists of Chicago are mobilizing their forces. They have recently been installing them in their new headquarters on the Midway, corner of Sixtieth Street and Dorchester Avenue. The first of the group of four buildings has already been sufficiently completed to be occupied by the united congregations of Saint Paul and Ryder Memorial. These buildings are to house the Divinity School of Lombard College, including a deanery, club house, library, church, auditorium and dormitory privileges. The whole is to reach a cost of from $200,000 to $250,000. Almost across the way on the north side of the Midway, the Unitarians are planning for a less pretentious home for their theological students who come to Chicago from the Meadville Seminary for one-quarter of each year. It is a pity that these two institutions, standing for interests so identical, facing difficulties and antagonisms of like nature, should be separated by the Midway. In Massachusetts the associations that gather around the Cambridge Divinity School and those on Tufts College Hill may be so different as to foster different inspirations. The traditions of William Ellery Channing and Hosea Ballou may be such as to create a different consciousness, perhaps a slightly different angle of approach, but here in the West, where their inspirations must be drawn from the future and not from the past, it is a pity to try to perpetuate a sense of difference where no difference exists. The messages of the Universalists and that of the Unitarians are now indistinguishable from one another, their ministers are interchangeable. There is a difference between strong ministers and weak ministers, a cultured ministry and an unlettered one, but the line does not run between Universalist and Unitarian. It is a pity that someone with sufficient power to make himself heard did not move a fusion of these liberal forces that are trying to domesticate themselves under the shadow of the great University of Chicago which would bring about an affiliation of resources at least in their building schemes. There are now five

different theological encampments on or near the campus of the Chicago University, the Baptists. Congregationalists, Disciples, Universalists and Unitarians. These legal entities are quite distinct. The faculties overlap, the student bodies are hopelessly merged. Confused they sit together at the feet of the ablest man within reach, quite indifferent as to his theological label. The managers of these several schools dream of a federation. The trend of the age, the academic spirit and the logic of the situation precipitate a fusion. The conditions at the University of Chicago may be favorable towards making intelligent, progressive religious teachers, but it is scarcely favorable towards making sectarian leaders. The campus of a great university is not favorable to the training of denominational patriots or dogmatic champions of schisms. At the various denominational headquarters the secretaries may continue to apologize for schism, and labor to quicken denominational pride and zeal, but the professors understand one another and the students rejoice in each other. At least let the advocates of the "Unities" and "Universalities" of religion get as close together as possible.

The Passing of a Genial Worker for Humanity

Twice did Thomas Lloyd Jones of the Liverpool Domestic Mission visit America to the joy of the UNITY workers. A kinsman of the Editor of UNITY, he found in All Souls Church, the Hillside community and the Tower Hill group, the "home folks" in whom he much delighted, and they in turn much enjoyed his buoyant good cheer. He was a breezy, cheerful, joyful, radiant kind of a man who would promptly adopt into his heart as a member of the family whoever came within reach of his cordial hand grasp and warm heart clasp.

When in 1882 the Editor of UNITY made his visit to the old home land he was promptly adopted by "Tom Lloyd," as he was lovingly called, and the American "Lloyd-Jones" spent a restful week under the shelter of the home of the Welsh "Lloyd Jones," who was pastor of a Unitarian Church at Hale, a suburb of Manchester. When the American could tarry no longer the Welsh-Englishman broke through his engagements and accompanied the American cousin on his itinerary into Scotland, the rim of Ireland and a glimpse across the channel.

The Liverpool home of Mr. Jones, before and after his marriage, was a reception room for whoever might land from America with a card from Jenkin Lloyd Jones. So contagious was his spirit, so intimate were his aims and his work with those of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and with UNITY, that we make room for the tribute to his memory published in *Christian Life* of October 18, and we also publish a translation from *Yr Ymofynydd* written by the revered mentor, the Dean of Welsh Unitarian ministers at the present time. We preface both these tributes with a special word which the young man on his graduation day received from his beloved teacher, the great James Martineau. In the book entitled "National Duties and Other Sermons and Addresses," published by Longmans, Green, & Co. in England, are published several of Mr. Martineau's valedictory addresses to the graduating classes of the Manchester New College of which he was so long the notable head.

It was Mr. Martineau's custom at the close of the general address to address a few special words to each graduate,—one of the advantages of a small class. The copy of this book at our elbow was given by the hands of this Welsh preacher, a cousin of several removes, to which is added in his own handwriting the special words addressed to himself.

DR. MARTINEAU TO TOM LLOYD JONES ON HIS GRADUATION, 1877.

The hour which you have reached is one which can never be repeated. From the seat of quiet spectator you are flung among the actors of the great human drama; and the very next scene will put you to the test whether its spirit has true hold of you and you are equal to its high demands. It is a grave yet an inspiring chance; *grave,* because it will find out your weaknesses, and mark every missed opportunity with a shadow of unavailing regret; *inspiring,* because asking nothing from you but what you can surely give,—the free surrender of *yourselves,* the life of pure simplicity, the word of truth to your own best thought, the deed most natural to a considerate and tender heart. If you had any part to play, we could never have taught you to assume it. To be what you are, to say what you think, to teach what you know, to do what you most revere, and make no peace with what you inwardly abhor,—this is the sacrifice, neither impossible nor ignoble, which you dscend into the world to offer to the Lord of conscience and the Searcher of hearts. Only in speaking the word which is most deeply your own, will you utter that which is not your own, but the Father's who sends you; only in acting from the inmost shrine of your own spirit, will you do *His* work. Resigning our poor guidance, we commit you to that higher care of His which is never withheld from those who truthfully seek communion with Him.

(Then addressing each student individually he proceeded as follows:) Of the six years which you have spent with us, Mr. Jones, there will remain, I believe, on both sides, only pleasant memories; on our part, of the duties you have steadily performed and the confidence which you have never impaired; on your part, I trust, of new provinces of thought open to you, richer varieties of sympathy and corresponding aims of ever rising altitude. The field in which you are to attempt the work of an Evangelist is not yet determined; but wherever it be, if you are faithful to the best genius of your native land, it will be no message of cold and cynical rationalism that you will deliver; no hesitating or wavering tones will confuse your witness to the gospel of truth and right; no reforming zeal will tempt you to apply an ungentle hand to any blossoms of Christian piety or heedlessly to drain off the secret waters that feed the graces of the soul.

Your country-men penetrated still with the lyric and historic feeling of their olden time, will never be responsive to a dry and prosaic appeal; the fires of their ancient inspirations have not yet died out; they flame up again in the music of their hymns and the passionate pleading of their prayers; and whoever would be the prophet of their deliverance into a more lofty and loving faith, or would worthily represent them in a kindred land, must have a spirit in tune with the rich notes of their devout enthusiasm. To have *this* patriotism is to be true to more than *home;* it is to have "Another country, even a heavenly." To pray that this lot may be yours shall be my last word of valediction.

Scrip. T. Lloyd Jones, Tower Hill, Wis., Aug. 18, 1904.

REV. THOMAS LLOYD JONES.

The death of Rev. Thomas Lloyd Jones, which occurred on Thursday, October 18th, at his residence, 16 Marmion Road, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, from pneumonia, will be heard of with deep regret by many friends not only of the Unitarian faith, but of the community generally who knew of his long and faithful labors as a missionary and their improving effect on the population surrounding the Domestic Mission, Mill Street, where his function was principally exercised.

Mr. Lloyd Jones was born in the Vale of Aeron, Cardiganshire, about seventy years ago, and his early scholastic training was imparted at a denominational school. His preparation for the ministry was completed at Manchester New College, London (now Manchester College, Oxford). From a scholarly point of view, says the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury,* he did not care to distinguish himself, and to the casual acquaintances of his student days he must have been chiefly remarkable for his exceedingly exuberant spirits. These seemed never to flag in any society or in any surroundings, so that wherever he went, without monopolizing attention, he was yet the life of his party. He was a thorough business man, with a heart as wide and deep as humanity.

After ministering for a few years at Hale Chapel, near Manchester, Mr. Lloyd Jones accepted an invitation to become the missionary of what was then the Beaufort Street Mission in Toxteth. Here his contagious and effervescing spirits stood him in good stead, and doubtless largely accounted for the influence he exercised over young and old for upwards of thirty years. The good spirits which attended him throughout his labors had nothing of the frivolous or irresponsible about them, nor were they assumed for the purpose of policy, but were obviously the outcome of a serious and religious mind inspired by fine ideals and a deep affection for his fellow-creatures, both rich and poor. Apparently he knew no discouragement. He was a ray of light in the slums as well as in the aristocratic suburbs, and he was a sort of liaison officer between rich and poor. As a result his work prospered. He enjoyed the full confidence of the wealthy Unitarian citizens. Money flowed at his call, and in due course his mission removed from Beaufort Street to the splendid buildings in Mill Street, opened in 1893, and now well known. It is interesting to remember that at the opening function one of the speakers was the late John Hamilton Thom, who had done much towards making the new structure a reality, and who emerged from his retirement at the age of eighty-six to address the gathering.

And now the innumerable activities which sprang from Mr. Lloyd Jones' energy and inspiring work must be carried on by another. For thirty-four years Mr. Lloyd Jones and Mr. Joseph Anderton worked together without cessation for the benefit of an innumerable host. There will be many to mourn him, not only in Liverpool, but in the various lands where sons of the Mission are enrolled in his Majesty's forces.

In 1905 Mr. Lloyd Jones married a daughter of Mr. Thomas Oxton of Liverpool. Possessed of considerable ability, a clear mind, and great sympathy, she was a great help to him in his work.

At the memorial service, prior to cremation, on Saturday last, the Mission chapel in which Mr. Lloyd Jones had ministered for many years was filled to overcrowding, while outside were gathered cadets, Sunday scholars, and numerous others with whom the late minister had been associated either through the Mission services or the divers offshoot institutions which he had founded or nurtured during nearly half a century of devoted effort. The general body of mourners included representatives of the Bowring, Holt, Rathbone, and Stoddart families, together with the Unitarian and kindred ministers of Mersey City, Temperance leaders, and philanthropists who have given the Mission both personal and financial support. Rev. J. Collins Odgers conducted the obsequies. It was yet hard to realize, he said, that Thomas Lloyd Jones had been called away after only a week's illness. He had left a noble memory behind him, and the Mission much the poorer by his departure. He was wont to pass daily through the streets, alleys and courts of that district, every place being sacred to him, because of the nature of his work, the noblest to which man could aspire. He held out some hope to soften every despondency, and maintained a clear perception of the various social problems by which he was confronted.

The chief mourners were Mrs. Lloyd Jones (widow), Mr. Thomas Oxton (father-in-law), Mr. Fisher Jones (brother), Mr. W. Oxton (brother-in-law), Miss F. Oxton (sister-in-law), and Miss Williams (maid).

From The Christian Life.

The Rev. Tom Lloyd Jones

Translated from *Yr Ymofynydd* of December, 1917.

By the Editor of Unity.

"And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."—*Tennyson.*

Born Little Mill, Ystrad Aeron, May 17, 1847.
Died 16 Marmion Road, Liverpool, November 18, 1917.

Sad indeed to me, as to a multitude of others, was the news that the beloved "Tom" Lloyd Jones had preceded me through the narrow gateway. As many others have said so I say, his genial presence will be missed from our midst. The bright eye, the happy smile, the hearty laugh have left us. In August last we saw him looking as full of life and health as ever, with the prospect of forty years more of joy. But now we are forced to remember that he had reached the promised three score and ten. Sad it is that upon my shoulders is placed the burden of speaking a biographical word for one who was so many years my junior.

It seems to me but yesterday when I received the following letter to the Society of Unitarian Ministers in Wales:

"We the undersigned members of the old church of Aberdare desire to inform you that we are acquainted with Thomas Lloyd Jones and that we consider him a young man of worthy demeanor and excellent character."

This must have been about the year 1867, half a century or more ago. This letter bore seventeen signatures, only one of which I believe has survived to the present day. Soon after this the young brother left to attend the school of the Rev. William Rees. He was a student in the college of Carmarthen from 1869 to 1871 and at Manchester New College from 1871 to 1877. He was minister of the Unitarian Society

at Hale from 1878-82. Here he added a school building to the church equipment in 1881 and renewed the chapel in 1882. On his leaving this charge he received a valuable watch and chain in token of affection, and in 1883 he took charge of the Liverpool Domestic Mission, in which connection he remained to the end of his life. The work suited him and he suited the work. When the work was hard, the hours long, he threw himself into it with added heartiness. There is no way so effective in lightening a heavy burden as by putting heart into it. His duties as minister of the slums was to solicit help for the poor, reform drunkards, admonish sinners of all kinds, befriend and save women and children in every way possible. What splendid work! What blessed labor! He aroused the love, the admiration of all who knew him. Without hesitation and unintimidated he plunged into the darkest tasks, oftentimes where the policemen trembled for his safety and distrusted his courage. The little children on the street knew him and loved him and they were never more pleased than when they received his attentions. Doubtless he met many disappointments but there were also continuous sources of joy to him. He loved the children and they loved him. He greatly rejoiced in the little visits and festivals planned for their pleasure and their need. It is said that no man in Liverpool ever left a more beneficent influence behind him.

This remarkable faithfulness was rewarded with success. In all his undertakings he won the confidence and love of those in authority. He found his way into the pockets of the rich, not an easy task, by irresistible methods. He asked for money and it came because the owners of the money had perfect faith in him. They knew that he asked not for himself but to promote the work that compelled their respect. This confidence increased from year to year. His tasks overflowed the confines of the buildings in which he worked. He had but to call attention to the facts and help came. They believed in his work, they believed in the worker, and in 1890 was dedicated a new and most serviceable building which cost $50,000. It contained accommodations for the many handed service there rendered; a chapel, school room, work rooms, play rooms for children, study rooms for young men and women, a place for mothers to gather. Temperance work, Bible work, musical and literary societies, lecture and other associations were in constant possession of the building. In 1908 there was celebrated the quarter centennial of his service. In *Yr Ymofynydd* of that year there is contained the historical address delivered by the Rev. William Evans, B. A.

Whenever the supporters of this beneficent work suspected that his energies were flagging they promptly arranged for a vacation to go where he would, by land or sea, to renew his youth. In this way it was given him to catch glimpses of the leading cities of the world. After all his journeyings he found no land so near his heart as that in which he was born, the land where he learned from his father and mother the sonorous old Cymric tongue. He could speak it with great fluency and under proper conditions he could write it forcefully.

He published a series of letters in *Yr Ymofynydd* concerning his visit to America from 1890 to 1893. These letters contained much fresh information conveyed in a manner most charming. In 1901-2 he was president of the Welsh Unitarian Society and read a paper in the old chapel at Llandyssul on "The Coming Church" which was twice published.

In 1905, after a long delay, he took to himself a companion, marrying Gertrude, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Oxton of Liverpool, a lady of exceptional power, clear in mind, of broad sympathies, and she proved a shelter and an assistant, a great comfort to him in all his undertakings whether at his home or at the Mission.

From this on many of the undertakings originated by him fell into other hands. For thirty-four years Mr. Lloyd Jones co-operated with Mr. Joseph Anderton in helping multitudes of unfortunates. Not only in Liverpool, but scattered throughout the world there are those who will grieve over his death. A hundred and sixty of his flock are with the colors.

On his buirial day the chapel overflowed with a multitude; cadets, children of the Sunday School and the unkempt as well as the leaders of society, ministers of all denominations and representatives of the families of Rathbone, Holt, Bowring, etc. Memorial services were held in the Unitarian churches of Wales by the Revs. J. Islan Jones, M. A., E. E. Jenkins, James Jenkins and D. J. Evans. The services at the graye were conducted by the Rev. J. Collins Odgers, B. A.

Thomas Lloyd Jones was called thither after but a week's illness. He has left behind him a benignant memory. The Mission is the poorer for his passing. The streets of the city were to him consecrated streets; his work had dedicated them to spiritual verities. There was in him an unfailing hope that defied all discouragements and mastered all problems. All the associated interests of the city came into his heart and enlisted his sympathies. It is thrilling to read the opinions of his fellows.

The death of my dear friend is a great grief to me. We worked heart to heart for thirty-four years.—*Joseph Anderton.*

His spirit was always right, his outlook sincere and hopeful, winning all within its reach. These were qualities indeed valuable for the work he undertook. It argued his strong commonsense, his unfailing sympathy, his love for children and power to enter into their feelings. I loved to note the reception he received after an absence of six months on a journey round the world.—*E. McConnell.*

His personality was persuasive and inspiring at the Mission. Some of his co-laborers stood by him for twenty, aye, thirty years. He never spoke a harsh or an unkind word. The fruit of his mission is to be seen in the ethical renovation of the neighborhood in which he labored. Seldom was his mission out of mind, even in his dreams, and in his final sickness when not wholly conscious his work was present with him.—*W. Coventry.*

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.—*Isaiah* lx:1-3.

This is the spirit ever present in his great work. May the same spirit help us in our bereavement and cheer us on our journey until we hear the summons, "Come thou blessed of the Father!"

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.—*John Milton.*

Aberdare, Wales. REV. REES JENKINS JONES.

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful
With your white robe of simpleness.
Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.
Build God's throne daily upon the ample barreness of your poverty
And know what is huge is not great, and pride is not everlasting. —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

THE PULPIT

This Enormous Year (1917)

Its Terrors, Tragedies and Triumphs

Sermon Preached by John Haynes Holmes, Church of the Messiah, New York, December 30, 1917

As the year 1917 has been drawing steadily on to its close, during the last few weeks, it has seemed to me to be ever more and more impossible that the year should disappear without our pausing for a moment to meditate upon some of the events which have transpired in this interval of time, and search out something at least of their inner meaning. Other momentous years there have been in the centuries gone by; we think instinctively of 1492, of 1517, of 1620, of 1776 and 1789, of 1830, 1848, and 1861. All of these years contained events which were landmarks or turning points in the history of the race. It is possible that one or two of them record single achievements more momentous than anything that has taken place in the year 1917. But no one of them all was crowded with so many overwhelming events, or witnessed a situation so fraught with universal and permanent significance. The occurrences of the last twelve months are well nigh impossible of adequate description, to say nothing of comprehension. The things which have happened have come so fast—they have been by turns so terrible, so tragic, so triumphant—they have involved so complete a break-up of our ordered universe into the conditions, as it were, of a primeval chaos—that our minds are almost paralyzed as they attempt to survey and make record of the spectacle. I know of nothing to compare with it all, save the vision of St. John on Patmos, of the harvest of the world, when he saw "an angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gather the vine of the earth, and cast it unto the great winepress of the wrath of God"; or that other vision of him that sat upon "the white horse" and did war against the woman "upon a scarlet coloured beast" who bore upon her forehead the sign "Mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

Just to consider the story of our own country during the past few months, is to stand amazed and stupefied. What would we have thought a few years ago had we been told that in 1917 the policy of military conscription for service in a European War would be adopted by the government of the United States, and universal military training be seriously considered by its citizens! Who would have thought last January that, before the year was out, national prohibition of the liquor traffic would be well started upon its way to victory, and woman suffrage win a triumph in New York State so sweeping as to indicate the swift and sure adoption of this great reform by the entire country? Who can find it easy to believe today that the railroads are at this moment in the hands of the government, with the taking over of the coal mines, the food supply, and innumerable manufactures just around the corner! Some of us will call these things good, and some bad. I am one who believes that most of the changes are to be welcomed, a few to be deplored. But whatever our individual opinion, we must all agree that these events are momentous beyond all power of adequate description. Our republic has been transformed in the twinkling of an eye. The nation we knew yesterday has disappeared; and in its place has come forth "a new nation conceived" we know not in what spirit, and "dedicated" we know not to what "proposition" of human idealism.

It is not of our own country, however, but of the world at large, that I would speak more particularly. For nothing matters now except the world. No nation is at this moment living unto itself, and no event in any nation has a significance which can be confined within parochial borders. Our terrors are universal terrors; our tragedies, the tragedies of humanity; and our triumphs, the triumphs of the one spirit in which we live and move and have our being. I would take you this morning, therefore, over seas and continents, and bid you look across the range of pole to pole. Had I the power, I would lift you to that "Overworld" conceived by Thomas Hardy in his *The Dynasts* whence we are made to see "Europe as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, branching mountain chains like ribs, the peninsula plateau of Spain forming a head" . . . and everywhere "people, distressed by events which they did not cause, seen writhing, crawling, heaving and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities." Here I would have you commune, again after the fashion of Hardy, with "the ancient spirit of the Years," "the Spirit of Pities," "the shade of the earth, and recording angels." Such things can hardly be in the prosaic reality of this place and this time. But to look farther abroad than our land, and to see from some perspective of spiritual distance the things which are happenig in our time, may be not altogether impossible. This at least is what I would attempt in some small way. Look with me, if you will, at this all but dead year, 1917, and consider what it has conferred upon mankind!

First of all must be noted that slow but sure intensification, during the past twelve months, of those conditions of distress and agony which make up the circumstances of international conflict in our age. After the experiences of 1915 and 1916, it seemed as though nothing new, either in degree or in kind, could be added to the abominations with which the race, to its own terror, had been made familiar. Civilized warfare had apparently done its worst with poisoned gases, liquid flame, and Zeppelin bombardments; and wanton cruelty reached its climax in Belgian deportations and Armenian massacres. Month after month, however, during the year the standards of fighting have fallen ever lower, the measure of cruelty mounted ever higher, and the area of misery spread wider and yet wider. All that we have known before of battles, sieges and invasions, has remained with us; and to this has been added new types of horror. In February, for example, came the opening of the campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare, which has hidden away such terrors in the deep as were never before known, nor even imagined, in the superstitions of men's minds. In the spring came the systematic destruction, down to every last stick and stone, of an abandoned country by the enemy, so that the hell of No Man's Land was made universal in the wake of retreating armies. In the summer came the organization by both sides to the combat of aerial

raids by marshalled squadrons of flying machines, fulfilling at last the poet Tennyson's picture of "a ghastly dew" raining down "from the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue." And always through the year, at first on the edge of the conflict, and then at the very heart of each one of the belligerent countries, there was that creeping specter of famine, which threatens so soon to have humanity by the throat! As long ago as 1896, M. de Bloch, in his great scientific work on *The Future of War*, made the declaration that "the next war," as he put it, would produce a condition of world-wide famine, and that this universal need for bread would bring the conflict to an end. Whether the second part of this prophecy will ever come true, no man can say, so many are the forces now at work for war and peace; but that the first part is already fufilled is apparent at this very moment. The past year has brought the world face to face with the fact of famine, for the first time since the Middle Ages. We see it even in this country in the trivial deprivations and inconveniences which we experience every day. In Russia, the situation is so serious that the problem of food has long since superceded the problem of fighting the enemy. In England, France, Italy and Germany, the peoples are delivered from utter misery by highly organized systems of rationing, which can undoubtedly postpone, but never permanently forestall, the day of reckoning. On the outskirts of the world starvation has already arrived. In Armenia and Syria, for example, between two and three million helpless folk are at this moment face to face with death. Of these, no less than four hundred thousand are children who are orphans. A missionary recently returned from Syria tells of passing through a village, the houses of which were all deserted, with the exception of one little cottage, in the doorway of which sat a tiny girl. Her face was the face of an old woman, as she rocked back and forth, droning the words, "I'm so hungry, I'm so hungry!" Multiply this instance by thousands, we are told, and we will begin to have a picture of conditions in the distant East.

The fact of the matter is, the world today is in its deepest depths of misery and horror. There have been other ages when men have suffered and died wretchedly; but never has death stalked abroad so terribly and so far as he does today. He lurks in every one of the seven seas. He walks the stretch of continents, entering every home and touching every life. He sweeps whole populations as by a scourge, and turns fair countries into deserts and waste places. It is possible, if the war continues through another year, that 1918 will bring us to a lower circle of this modern Inferno than any we have yet reached. Past all belief is what flesh and blood can actually endure! But if, as we may hope, the desperation now shown upon the battlefront, and the misery now borne by Europeans everywhere, mark the beginning of the end of this Great War, the year 1917 will be ever memorable as the blackest in all the long calendar of human woe. Infinitely truer today than when it was first written two years and a half ago, is the word of Owen Wister, "Our brains, could they take in the whole of this war, would burst."

It is this condition of universal and unparalleled horror in the world today which must serve as a kind of background, against which the events of 1917 may be discerned. The story of these events cannot, of course, be narrated in any fulness at this time. Three facts, however, must be mentioned with some emphasis, as of supreme significance from the standpoint of the larger and more permanent aspects of human destiny.

Least important of these three, and yet by all means the most dramatic, is the capture of Jerusalem by the British army under General Allenby. Most of the commentators on this event have referred to it in the light of Christian history, and have thus described it as the last chapter in the long story of the Crusades. What Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Leon, Philip Augustis, Louis the Pius, and many other noble knights and lordly sovereigns attempted but failed to do, has been accomplished at last in this much later and less romantic age. I prefer, however, to think of this event rather in the light of Jewish history, and speak of it therefore as the close of the second exile of the Hebrew people from Palestine. The first exile began in 586 B. C. with the capture and destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. For two generations the Jewish exiles "wept by the waters of Babylon" and refused to sing "the Lord's song in a strange land." Then came the overthrow of Babylon by Cyrus the Great of Persia, and the restoration of the Holy City to the Jews, at the suggestion of Nehemiah. The second exile began in the year 70 A. D., with the capture of Jerusalem by the Roman Emperor Titus, and has continued through all the centuries to this present moment. This exile was not so much a banishment as a dispersion. The unhappy Jews were scattered over the face of the earth like ships before a storm, or sheep before the wolves. Hidden away in caves and deserts, buried in slums and ghettos, despised, hated, spat upon, exploited, massacred, they have still lived on with a racial tenacity which is unparalleled and with a devotion to Jehovah and his law which constitutes one of the sublimest episodes in history. Only in the nineteenth century has light shone into their darkness, especially in England with the establishment of full and equal privileges for the Jews in 1858, and in America, where for the first time in Christian history the Jews were enabled to build a society of their own, and develop a national as well as a racial consciousness. Now, with the advent of the Zionist movement, and the liberation of Russian Jews by the overthrow of the Czar, there comes the consummation of centuries of mingled despair and hope, in the deliverance of Jerusalem. That this deliverance will be permanent, whatever the outcome of the war, I must believe. Germans and Austrians are Christians like ourselves, and even if victorious with their ally Turkey, would not think of returning the Holy City to the hands of the infidel. This does not mean the necessary dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. I am perhaps as little of a Turk as anybody. But in my conception of the human family, the Turks, for all their sins, must have their place, and in my conception of the rights of nationalities, the Turks have claims not dissimilar to those of all other peoples. The retention of Jerusalem simply means, I take it, that from henceforth and forevermore, it will be held in trust by all humanity for all humanity. The sacred places made beautiful by mem-

ories of Jesus will become the possession of Christians everywhere, and Palestine again become the holy land of the returned exiles of Israel. All this, of course, is of little significance from the standpoint of the war and its stupendous issues. To the Christians certainly, and even to the Jews, the capture of Jerusalem is a matter of sentimental rather than of practical interest. But it does involve a certain rectification of ancient wrongs, a certain restoration of ancient glories, a certain quickening of vast memories. And who knows but what when many things now deemed important are forgotten, 1917 will be most easily recalled as the year which saw the passing of the Holy Land from the Crescent of Mahommed to the Star of Judah and the Cross of Christ!

Second of the three facts, of which I want to speak this morning, is the entrance of the United States into the Great War on the side of the Allied Powers. As to whether our nation was justified in thus taking up the sword against Germany, it is at this moment both too early and too late to be determined. Too early, because the facts are not all in, and historical judgment can be based only on complete information; too late, because the die has been cast, and discussion of causes and alternatives for the time being at an end! Opinion varied in the beginning, and will in all probability long continue to vary to the end. We must all agree, however, that if the step was to be taken at all, we went into the war in as noble a way as it is possible for any nation to enter into such a thing as war! Two roads were before us on that fateful day of last April when it was decided to declare war against the Imperial German Government. On the one hand, we could go into this struggle with the idea of revenging ourselves upon Germany for the outrages which had been visited upon us. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was the spirit in the heart of many of our fellow citizens who were clamoring for war eight months ago. On the other hand, we could go into this fight with the idea of bringing all our power to bear on the accomplishment of the great end of establishing a peace after the war which should endure. We could try to do as a belligerent what we had long been trying to do as a neutral—bring order to a distracted and despairing world. It was the latter of these two roads which President Wilson deliberately chose in the beginning, and has consistently followed ever since. In his address before the two houses of Congress, on the second day of April, in his reply to the Pope in August, in his annual message to Congress in December, he has occupied with clear vision and noble courage the same high ground of action. He refused to seek revenge or even reparation for any wrongs which we may have suffered in the furious violence of this vast struggle. He has repudiated all suggestion that Germany or her allies be punished by loss of territory, exaction of indemnities, or economic war after the war. He has declined to confuse the German government with the German people, and has declared it a primary condition of enduring peace that this great nation be freely and gladly taken back into the family of nations. And always did he insist that all nationalistic claims of every kind be put aside in favor of the one supreme end of so ordering the world after the war, that future wars shall be forevermore impossible, and our institutions of demoracy secure from further menace. With all political, philosophic or religious thought which gives recognition to war of any kind, I am of course as a non-resistant from convicition, in fundamental disagreement. I believe that no high aim is ever achieved by war which cannot be more safely and more surely achieved by the beneficent ways of peace. I feel today, therefore, as I felt yesterday, that it was a sad calamity that President Wilson found it necessary to plunge into the European struggle, and thus abandon the high advantage of neutrality; and I still feel that his idealistic policy is grievously handicapped by his refusal to consider the possibility of what he once so aptly described as "a peace without victory." But all this is a matter of private opinion on the part of a very humble and unimportant individual. What is important, from the historical point of view, is that the President found war to be necessary; and I think myself unworthy of my position as a public teacher, did I not give grateful recognition to the fact that, in facing this necessity, he chose the higher and not the lower path of action. In so doing, he maintained so far as possible under war conditions, the best standards of the republic, and did more than any other man alive today, to help make this war the idealistic crusade for democracy that it is said to be.

As to whether the President will succeed in his endeavor to this end, depends almost entirely upon the extent to which his position is understood and supported by the citizens in this country who believe in this war. Strange as it may seem to those who have not studied the factors involved in the present situation, it is the despised and rejected pacifists in America who have best comprehended the President's purpose, and given it support. They are just as much opposed to war today as they ever have been, but the war having come, they rejoice that it is to be fought with an unselfish and not a selfish purpose. It is the militarists among us, on the other hand, who have done most to discredit and endanger the President's policy of a war fought "to make the world safe for democracy." For what honest man can look at what is going on in America today, without raising in his mind the question as to what Americans really know or care about the ideals of democracy? With the very first moment of the war, there was begun in this country a systematic policy of terrorization which outrages every social ideal which the republic was founded to maintain. Newspapers and magazines have been wantonly suppressed, public meetings forbidden or broken up, thousands of men and women cast into jail for no other offense than that of holding opinions not altogether satisfactory to the community. In Boston, the headquarters of the Socialist Party were burglarized by a mob, led by soldiers and sailors in uniform, all property destroyed, and the occupants beaten and thrown into the streets. In Bisbee, Arizona, a hundred or more miners, guilty of the crime of striking in war time, were taken from their homes and carried into the deserts, to survive or perish as chance might dictate. In Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. Herbert S. Bigelow, one of the most distinguished and honored citizens of the state, was seized by a mob and lashed with whips, because his patriotism is not of the accepted variety. In Los Angeles, California, a religious meeting was broken up while the attendants were reciting the Twenty-third

Psalm, and the leaders deported into the wilderness. Hardly a day passes but what you read in the newspapers of some man or group of men driven from town, thrown into jail, forced to kiss the flag in public, for no other crime than that of independent opinion. What all this is called in the twentieth century, I do not know; but in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, I know that it was called persecution. At any rate, we may be sure that in no age, our own or any other, has it been called democracy. Systematic terrorization, lawless violence even by officers of the law and respectable members of the community generally, punishment not of seditions but of independent opinions, have no place in this country at any time, least of all in a time of war for freedom. Such deeds make the domestic record of 1917 in certain ways the blackest and saddest in the history of the nation.

But it is not so much the internal as the external consequences of this policy of terrorization which are important at this moment. It is notable that, with a single exception, the administration has been free of conscious blame for these offences, in spite of the heavy responsibilities involved in conducting a great war. Only the Postmaster General, a man not so much with a Prussian as a Medieval mind, has used the high powers of his office for the systematic suppression of honest minority opinion. Apart from this single man, these outrages have been almost wholly unofficial, the work of self-appointed guardians of the public welfare, who can recognize and reverence no other brand of patriotism than their own. It is this fact which constitutes the danger in the present situation, for it immediately raises the question as to what extent the citizens of this country understand and support the war aims of the President. If these men had any sympathy with democracy they could not be guilty of such acts as I have just described. The fact that they are guilty—dutifully, enthusiastically guilty—shows how incapable they are of following the leadership of the President in the things that will really count at the end of this great catastrophe. What is happening is that a line of cleavage is rapidly developing in the country, not between pacifists and militarists, but between liberals of every persuasion on the one hand who would see brought out of this war, somewhat as God makes the wrath of men to praise him, conditions which will save our civilization from destruction, and on the other hand the great inchoate mass of imperialists who would use this war for no other purpose than that of destroying dangerous enemies, or rivals, both at home and abroad. These imperialists it is who are now working social havoc within the nation, and who may yet defeat the President's avowed purpose that this war shall be fundamentally a triumph not for any nation or group of nations, but for humanity as a whole.

A third happening of 1917, and this the most important of all, still remains to be spoken of. I refer, of course, to the Russian Revolution, which I believe to be the greatest event of modern times. I realize that it is unpopular these days to wax enthusiastic over this vast overturn in the ancient realm of the Romanoffs. The drift of public sentiment in regard to this Russian Revolution is following exactly the same course today as the drift of public sentiment in regard to the French Revolution a century and a quarter ago. When the French people took matters into their own hands in 1789, the people of England went wild with enthusiasm. Delight was only increased by the burning of the Bastille in July, and the abolition of class privileges in August. As the Revolution, however, marched on, and came more and more into the hands of what was called the mob, sentiment across the channel began visibly to change, and it was not long before England was not only opposing the Revolutionists, but actually taking up arms against them. So with the Russian Revolution! At first, everybody was overjoyed by the overthrow of the Czar and the triumph of the people. Then in Russia, as earlier in France, we began to discover that these people were different people from what we had imagined. They had ideas which we could not accept, and were doing things with their country which seemed highly reprehensible from our viewpoint if not their own. Steadily, therefore, during the past six months, our enthusiasm has been cooling off; and while we are not ready as yet to regard the Russians as enemies, we have long since ceased to think of them as friends. Now all this to my mind is inexcusable. We are blind leaders of the blind, indeed, if we cannot see what is going on in Russia, and have confidence in the ultimate outcome. My faith in the wonder of the great movement is absolutely unshaken, in spite of all follies and disasters, for a variety of reasons.

In the first place, I believe that we must give the Revolution time to do its work. What right have we to demand, what has never yet been accomplished in the history of mankind, the successful organization of a great people, suddenly emancipated from tyranny, in a period of half a year? Recall, if you will, the chronology of the French Revolution. It was on the 14th of July, 1789, that the mob of Paris captured and burned the Bastille. It was more than three years later, in September, 1792, that the Revolutionary armies met the invaders of republican France on the field of Valmy. It was exactly five years later, in July, 1794, that Robespierre was guillotined, and the Reign of Terror brought to an end. We are expecting the Russians, in other words, to accomplish in six months, under the most unfavorable conditions, what it took the French almost as many years to accomplish! Or take the chronology of our own American Revolution. The fighting ended with the victory of Yorktown in the fall of 1781. Two years later, in 1783, came the treaty of peace between England and America. Then succeeded six long years of disorganization, confusion, lawlessness, with no central government of any kind to hold together the thirteen separate colonies. In telling the tale of this unhappy period of our history, John Fiske entitles one of his chapters, "Drifting Toward Anarchy," and the story of disorder which he there narrates, is one which we find it most convenient to forget. Not until 1789 was the constitutional convention assembled in Philadelphia, and national sovereignty at last established. It is well for us to be patient with these Russians. If they do as well as our fathers did, in a period not of months but of years, they will be doing well.

Secondly, I have faith in the Russian situation, because the Revolution is a fundamental thing. All

the democracies which the world has seen thus far, have been exclusively political democracies. Economic and industrial conditions have remained absolutely autocratic, with the fatal result of "a house divided against itself." Now the wonderful thing about the Russian Revolution is that it is economic as well as political. The Russians have gone to the bottom of the problem of democracy, and are dealing not merely with the question of political institutions, but with questions of land, of industrial employment, of public ownership, and so on. That they will be able to answer all of these questions today, or even tomorrow, is of course impossible. But they are facing them as an essential part of the social problem, and are thus at least well started on the way toward the establishment of the first real democracy the world has ever seen.

Again, I have faith in the Russian Revolution, because I have faith in the Russian people. No race in the world is possessed of finer qualities of genius. Especially is this true in the higher fields of moral and spiritual life. No people in modern times has produced such literature and music as these Russians. No people has dreamed such dreams of the new and better day of brotherhood. No people has kept so close to the springs of mystic experience, and drunk so deep of their living waters of the spirit. Especially has no people so suffered and striven and sacrificed for freedom. Tried in the fire as silver is tried, they have come forth a people cleansed in hope, redeemed for the patient toil that must still be done. These Russians will not fail, we may be sure. To have accomplished the Revolution is in itself a sufficient guarantee of what they are!

And lastly, may I say that I have confidence in the Russian Revolution, because I am not at all sure that the Russians have not got hold of the right psychology even for the present situation. The embarrassment of the Germans on the eastern borders is quite as apparent to my mind as the military weakness of the Bolsheviki. We have at least witnessed the ironic spectacle of this hopeless and helpless government at Petrograd extorting from the Central Empires the only concrete terms of peace which have appeared from that source since the opening of the war. Why such terms should be offered to such an enemy, unless Germany, in the present condition of her people, has quite as much to fear from revolutionary agitation in the east as from military offensives in the west, I cannot imagine! All this is the veriest surmise, of course; but it fits in strangely well with the Christian teachings of a man named Tolstoi, and justifies us at least in asserting that there is an experiment being tried here, which is not necessarily doomed to failure.

I believe, therefore, in Russia and the Revolution. Those of us who disbelieve are moved by the unfortunate relation of the whole stupendous event to the military fortunes of the Allies. This aspect of the matter I would not ignore nor underestimate. But I must insist, on the other hand, that this question be judged first of all in the light of the former anomalous situation of an alliance of democratic nations in a democratic cause with the government of the Czar; and secondly, in the light of those ultimate destinies of humanity, to which we are told the operations of this Great War are all the time directed. We are seeking a free world, let us remember, and here, in the twinkling of an eye, is a great nation of 150,000,000 people, enslaved for ages, suddenly free! What is this, I ask you, but the accomplishment of the very thing we say we are after! And can we expect to have this thing without its price? And shall we not get the price back again in the end? Present military advantage, for whatever it may be worth, is undoubtedly lost, but the spiritual gain of both the present and the future is incalculable.

Such are the three events which loom up against the background of the universal horror of 1917, as the chief occurrences of that period of time—the fall of Jerusalem, the entrance of America into the Great War, and the Russian Revolution. One other thing, hardly to be described as an event, and yet destined to be regarded perhaps as the most significant fact of this one enormous year, I must mention, at least briefly, for your final meditation.

I refer to what I would call the breakdown of war as a method of settling disputes between nations. It will be conceded by us all, I imagine, that nobody anticipated, when this war began, that it would last so long or cost so much. It was in Germany that the hopes of swift and complete victory in 1914 were soaring highest. Her armies were to take Paris in six weeks and thus destroy France, turn swiftly to the east and conquer Russia, then battle with England at their leisure. The prospect could not have been brighter. But look at the reality! For three years and four months, Germany has been fighting unremittingly. She has been triumphant on nearly every field, and now accupies thousands of square miles of conquered territory. But her enemies still stand in arms against her, and victory is as far away as ever. The Allies on their part had no such hopes in the beginning as the Germans. They realized that they had a long, hard fight ahead, and set themselves grimly to the performance of a terrific task. But the longest time set for this task was Lord Kitchener's three years, and this distinguished soldier was almost alone in making such a forecast. Today, however, the three years are gone, and more than gone, but still the overthrow of Germany has not been achieved. Especially has this year 1917 been to both sides, from the military point of view at least, a year of bitter disappointment. Vast offensives have been projected, by the Germans in Italy, for example, and by the English at Cambrai; these offensives have been carried through at vast expense of men and ammunition, and then in every case have been halted or have broken down. Everywhere the operations of this year seem to bring confirmation of the thesis of the great expert, M. de Bloch, that the defense in modern warfare has been strengthened so vastly at the expense of the offense, that military victory is rendered so difficult as to be almost impossible. The Germans have to all appearances given up hope of winning a military victory; and the best soldiers of the Allies are talking of a victory achieved only after a period of from three to a dozen years.

Now all this has brought about certain very definite results. In the first place, the Allied governments are talking much more moderately today than in the beginning of the struggle, and men are con-

stantly appearing, like Dr. Eliot in our country, and Lord Lansdowne in England, to urge the possibilities of a negotiated peace. What is going on in the German government is indicated by the peace terms submitted to the Russians on December 27—terms which would have been unthinkable from such a source two years, or even one year, ago. In the second place, the undecisive character of the war is stirring up a degree of popular discontent that is a source of very genuine alarm in all belligerent countries. Revolution is nowhere impossible at the present time. Lastly, and most important, this fact of an unfinished war is convincing people of all classes, of all countries, of all varieties of opinion, that war has become impossible in modern times. Its destructiveness is beyond all control. Its cost surpasses all estimate. It enlists every man and every dollar in its support. If now we add to these facts the further fact that war must today be indefinitely prolonged if victory is to be achieved by the stronger over the weaker side, the conclusion is inevitable. War has simply broken down as a method of settling disputes between nations. Nothing is settled by such a method save death, destruction, and endless misery. War and civilization, in other words, have become an impossible combination. They cannot longer exist together in the same world. One or the other must go, and the choice between the two cannot be difficult.

It is this great fact, that war must be banished if civilization is to endure, that the victory of this war shall be the end of all war, which turns the darkness of 1917 into the light of a new and better day. This year may mark the turning point of history. It may stand forever in men's minds as the last year when man met man in battle. Such glory may be still too good to be true. Mankind, for all its woes, may not yet have learned the lesson. But I at least shall dare to hope. I listen and shall listen to the end, for that "mystic trumpeter" of Whitman sounding no longer "war's wild alarums," but "a higher strain than any yet."

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears a perfect world—all joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
Joy! Joy! in freedom, worship, love, joy in the ecstasy of life.
Joy! joy! all joy!

AN ICE STORM.

Nature repents her of the sullen mood
That stripped the forests of their loveliness,
Ravished the orchards of their luscious food,
And robbed the gardens of their glowing dress—
Nature repents.
All in a night her penance hath performed,
And o'er the earth a rain of pity stormed—
Tears turned to glory in the crystal air—
And lo! A sudden world celestial fair.

From "Utterance and Other Poems." —*Angela Morgan.*

Much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
—*John Milton.*

An International Christian Meeting

The following address to the churches of Great Britain appears in *The Inquirer* and other British church papers just received in this country. It is deeply significant of the increase of interdenominational sentiment in that country and the reassertion of Christian ideals. C. W. W.

In this time of deep and universal heart searching many people are becoming increasingly convinced that neither arms nor politics can save civilizations from the risk of destruction, but that only the spirit of Christianity can bring healing to the world. Since Christian people in this country are feeling this, we cannot but believe that their convictions must be shared by Christians in other lands. Is it possible to find a means by which such convictions can have expression? There has been some discussion lately of the possibility of holding an International Christian meeting, and an Interdenominational Council has been formed in this country with that object. The Council consists of men and women of very varied religions and political opinions. Their object is to promote a purely religious meeting which will discuss neither the causes of the war, nor the political conditions of peace, but which will demonstrate the true unity which even in the midst of this bitter conflict unites all Christians in allegiance to their common Master. It is thought that if belligerents and neutrals could meet in prayer together, they might help to create the atmosphere which is essential if the governments of the nations are to conclude and to preserve a just and lasting peace. The same thoughts seem to be stirring in other nations, for an invitation has just been received from Archbishop Söderblom of Sweden (a well-known leader, even before the war, in the cause of Christian unity) and Bishop Ostenfeld of Denmark, and Bishop Tandberg of Norway, to a Christian Conference at Upsala, on December 14, of belligerents and neutrals. We are grateful for the spirit shown by this invitation, but we fear that the time is too short to organise a Conference which would be really representative. The British Council hopes to go on preparing the way for such a meeting, to be held whenever the right time may arrive, and we ask all Christians to join us in prayer for this object.

Yours, &c.,

PARMOOR.
E. W. BARNES (Master of the Temple).
J. ESTLIN CARPENTER (President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association).
M. P. DAVISON (General Secretary Primitive Methodists).
H. R. GAMBLE (Canon of Westminster Church).
ALFRED E. GARVIE (Principal of New College, Hampstead).
R. C. GILLIE (Presbyterian).
A. HERBERT GRAY (Glasgow).
HENRY T. HODGKIN.
R. F. HORTON (Congregational).
W. R. INGE (Dean of St. Paul's).
J. SCOTT LIDGETT (Wesleyan).
W. LOCK (Warden of Keble College, Oxford).
THOMAS PHILLIPS.

P. S.—Those who desire further information should apply to the Hon. Secretary, International Christian Meeting (British Council), 74 Parliament Chambers, 14 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S. W. 1.

Additional Contributions from the Editor's Letter Crate

FROM WAY DOWN IN MAINE:

Please find enclosed subscription for UNITY. I think it must be the only Christian paper in America. Since the entrance of America into the war I have missed reading a paper devoted to the cause of Christ. Until a friend sent me some clippings from your paper, I did not know that there was any published. I am surprised and gratified that there is a publication that does not condemn a man who says as I do that war is immoral, unchristian and impracticable. Freedom of speech! Democracy! God help us!

FROM MASSACHUSETTS:

Please find a renewal of subscription. I wish I could speak my appreciation of your testimony for peace. The people are sorely in need of leaders in genuine democracy, liberty, sacrifice, patriotism, the way of true victory. Cæsar is taking what does not belong to him in taking my soul. He claims divine honors. We worship the State at our peril. However lonely the "closet" we may not go with the crowd. The broad way ends in blindness and the hard heart. Whatever men say or do; here's allegiance to the King Eternal; here's Love of Countrymen, the freedom and triumph of the Kind Heart.

FROM A NEBRASKA EDITOR:

A recent writer declared himself as much opposed to war as anyone could be but he wanted to see this war prosecuted until conditions were such that a permanent peace could be secured. Since that declaration was made, orators, street talkers, and writers have repeated the sentiment. I ask where or when was a great permanent peace secured as the result of great human slaughter, the destruction of homes and much property? Is it not true that the farther the work of war is prosecuted, the farther the nations concerned are from an adjustment on which permanent peace can be expected to rest? Can the nations of the earth with any degree of propriety or consistency with humane principles see anything truly democratic brought about by conquest? Did the conquests of Alexander or Cæsar bring about peace? Was peace, permanent and enduring between the United States and Mexico brought about by Secretary of State Bryan laying waste the homes of the Mexicans who didn't have time to salute the flag? Did the United States bring about the international relations that have existed and have been pointed to with pride for more than a century by conquest of Great Britain and the laying waste of Canada by the 3,000 soldiers sent across the Niagara? Was permanent peace secured by the Allies that a few years since levelled the Chinese wall and destroyed lives and millions of property? History and logic point to the inconsistency of trying to bring about peace by more wars.

From far off Bellingham, Washington:

For several years I have been enjoying an occasional UNITY by an exchange of reading with a dear friend. Last fall when UNITY became the organ of the F. R. A. I felt I must have it regularly and I assure you I made no mistake. Every number brings hope and inspiration. I am over seventy years of age, yet as the years come and go my hope for the world increases. This idiotic and infernal military mixup cannot for long hold up Truth's final victory. I am heartily in sympathy with UNITY and the program of the F. R. A. My earnest prayer is for fullest success. I wish to join your Sunday School Study Class. Find enclosed stamps for the available helps.

From Washta, Iowa:

The recent announcement of UNITY'S old and new associations and ideals furnishes a convenient occasion for an expression of sympathy and admiration. Into this suffocating atmosphere of war UNITY breathes a pure, sane spirit of peace as refreshing as a breath of morning air. If humanity's ideals are to live and grow someone must save some seed even in war times. I wish UNITY continued and abundant success in defence of the faith of the brotherhood of man.

From Memphis, Tennessee:

Nothing else that I read gives me the comfort and hope that comes to me from the perusal of UNITY.

How feeble are our apprehensions of what our national ascent to Calvary should be. Are we by our course today ascending? Grave doubts often shake me. As for myself I can only believe, "Let us not hate. If fight we must, let us do so knowing that the day will surely dawn when we will see each other as we ought."

I have been traveling about so much since last June that I have been deprived of reading UNITY since that time. I did not realize how much the paper meant to me until I could not get it.

Protest Against Use of Red Cross Funds for Tobacco

Constant queries have come to our office as to the propriety of using Red Cross funds for the purchase of tobacco for soldiers and sailors. Numerous protests have been forwarded to Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities under the War Department, who is in sympathy with our side of the question. As the government has decided to provide United States soldiers and sailors with everything possible for their comfort, and as tobacco seems such a necessity to a majority, it is furnished to the boys. The Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Washington and vicinity has now taken the matter under consideration, and at a recent meeting a protest was issued, which the secretary was instructed to send to both houses of Congress. The protest is "against the proposal to thrust tobacco on every soldier as a part of his ration." The resolution further states: "We respectfully protest against the purchase of tobacco for soldiers with Red Cross funds, much of it contributed by churches with no intimation it is to be so used. We have no thought of forbidding soldiers to use tobacco, but believe no sanction should be given to the use of this harmful narcotic by having it furnished by the government as part of the ration, or presented as a charity, which would naturally lead some to use it who never would have done so without special inducements. We also respectfully suggest to the Red Cross management that an organization so closely related to the churches in its work, should not allow its name to be used to sanction Sunday entertainments that violate the spirit if not the letter of American Sabbath laws under the guise of charity." *Margaret Dye Ellis.*

From Union Signal, October 4.

TO FRITZ KREISLER.

Good enemy and gallant Austrian,
Aiming more near our hearts a keener blow
Than bayonet-wound to make our lifeblood flow—
By the great meaning of *American*
The mob is not America, nor can
The fangs, that gnash her starry garment, so
Impugn our vow of "proud punctilio"
To fight our fight in reverence for Man.

Artist and legal alien on our shores,
Art knows no law of enmity, nor breath
Of rancor: more than your mad emperors
Your magic wins dominion, where beneath
The wreck of temples and the din of wars
Your bridge of cedar spans the gulf of death.

—*Percy MacKaye.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals
Charles W. Casson
Francis A. Christie
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
William C. Gannett
Fred V. Hawley
Emil G. Hirsch
John Haynes Holmes
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
Newton Mann
George Grover Mills
Fred A. Moore
George W. Nasmyth
William M. Salter
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
Charles W. Wendte
James H. West

The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF ALL SOULS CHURCH AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

(By One Who Was There)

In these times of strain and stress, of unwonted cares and almost ceaseless anxiety, there fortunately still remain occasional oases in the desert, times and places of restoration and inspiration, from which to gather strength and courage for the ensuing days of toil. Such an occasion was the annual dinner of All Souls Church and Abraham Lincoln Centre last Thursday night which many felt to be the most successful and inspiring meeting of all the thirty-five in its history.

In spite of the forbidding weather, and difficult traffic conditions, some hundred and seventy-five members and friends of the Church and Centre, including the governing boards of the two institutions, entered Emerson Hall singing in processional, led by Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson, "America, the Beautiful" by Katherine Lee Bates. A word of greeting and a beautiful invocation from the Pastor preceded the dinner which was followed by the business meeting and election of officers of the two boards, and then by vivid and interesting reports of the chairmen of Sections, the workers, the Treasurer and Minister.

That UNITY readers may have some knowledge of the volume and character of the work done at Lincoln Centre, some hints of the nature and scope of these reports are given herewith: There were reports detailing the activities of the Sunday School, of the Social Section, the Lincoln Centre Fellowship, the branch of the Public Library, the Religious Education Section, The Boy's Work and Girls' Section, the Missionary section, the Musical Section, the Publication Committee, Tower Hill, etc., etc.

The Friendly visitor reported 360 calls made in the homes of the neighborhood during the five months of her service, and 400 interviews in her office with people needing help. Work by the day has been secured for 70 applicants and work by the week for 18 at the Employment Bureau of this department.

Reports from the department of Girls' Work showed an enrollment during the year of 320 girls with 298 meetings of clubs and classes and a total attendance of 5,422. In addition to this, the sewing classes of the Domestic Science Department have had 182 meetings with an attendance of 1877, despite the absence during the fall of a regular Domestic Science teacher and the consequent lack of classes in cooking. The Music Department reported since October an enrollment in singing classes of 103 with 25 studying piano, and 100 calls made in the homes of the children. The Boys' Department reported an enrollment of 75 and a total attendance for the year of 1,858. The Manual Training departments showed an enrollment of 160 boys and an average attendance at the three weekly classes of 80. The need of funds to make possible the securing of the full time of this teacher was emphasized. Several reports referred to the Lincoln Centre Camp at Clear Lake, Wisconsin, where as usual 147 city boys and girls enjoyed for two weeks this summer the delights of country air, food and sunshine.

The reports of those in charge of the work for the boys and girls reminded us that both city, state and national governments and councils of defence have insisted repeatedly upon the importance of maintaining all previous standards of child-welfare and have demanded that the work for young people, the nation's most valuable asset, should in no case be neglected; that there is true loyalty and real patriotism in protecting the boys and girls from the dire effects of war and from the rapidly increasing tendency to delinquency, reported by child-welfare workers everywhere. If there are readers of UNITY who have funds, large or small, which they wish to put to use in the service of the permanent welfare of the nation, they will find no place where such funds are more needed or more effectively used for the benefit of boys and girls than in the departments of boys' and girls' work at Lincoln Centre. In the concentration of effort and interest upon things that directly concern the conduct of war, these equally necessary and patriotic activities are too often overlooked.

In these days of intolerance when the tendency is to elevate differences of opinion into damning defects of character, and to consider loyalty and patriotism as capable of but one form of expression, this meeting was a tremendous triumph. It proved that the spirit of brotherhood and individual freedom and mutual tolerance which has been the Lincoln Centre ideal, is no empty boast but a vital and real thing, entirely capable of holding together in fellowship and mutual respect and love and in harmonious, earnest work for the common cause, persons of the most diverse opinions. The message of All Souls Church has ever been "the advocacy of an inclusive brotherhood encompassing all races, lands and nations in one brotherhood of love, the great democracy of Man." There were present at the "family table" Thursday night pacifist and militarist; those whose sons have gone into what they believe to be a war for freedom, and those who believe there is no crime greater than war; liberal and conservative; capitalist and working men and women; suffragists and "antis"; Jews and non-Jews; yet the beautiful and harmonious spirit of the gathering was as tangible and as inescapable as the pictures on the wall. And this spirit was in large measure but an extension and an upspringing in the hearts of his people of the spirit of tolerant sympathy which for the thirty-five years of his pastorate of All Souls Church and the twelve years as Head Resident of Abraham Lincoln Centre has been characteristic of this much beloved minister. The keynote of all this work through all these years was given in the quotation made in the Pastor's Report:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man;"

and in the splendid self-effacement of his closing wish: "that I may have grace and vision promptly to recognize the time, whenever it comes, when I can best serve our high common interests by laying down the tasks with which you have intrusted me these many years"—a contingency, needless to say, absolutely unthinkable to everyone present save the speaker.

Two charming notes, characteristic of Lincoln Centre, were struck when after the closing hymn, announcement was made from the floor of the day's victory for suffrage in the House of Representatives, and Mr. S. O. Levinson made an eloquent and spontaneous plea for a larger attendance at the Sunday morn-

ing services. Mr. Levinson referred to the statement recently made by "the little Welshman across the seas that war is a disgrace to civilization of which he is deeply ashamed," pointed out that "the attitude of our own little Welshman right here is in entire accord with that position," and urged that those present be appointed a committee of the whole to see to it that the church services are more largely attended and that none miss the splendid sermons there to be heard.

No better summary of the message of this meeting can be given than the following words from the hymn so inspiringly sung by Miss Jennie Johnson:

Despair and grief why borrow?
The world needs joy, not sorrow;
Work gladly for the morrow;
Wrong shall cease.

. . . .

The heights of being call us;
If doubt nor fear appall us,
Life's splendor shall befall us;
Work and hope!

Never fear, Light is growing!
Never fear, truth is flowing
Where humanity shall share it—
Never fear!
Never fear, clouds are fleeing;
Never fear, men are seeing
That the good at last shall conquer,
Never fear!

A Christmas Wish in War-Time

That you may bear your manful part of the world's burden, yet your faith fail not; that while you share the universal woe, there still may dwell in you and yours the inward joy: in the little ones, wide eyes that wonder at the stars; in youth, courage and strength and hope undaunted; in those who labor, simple honesty that yet believes; and when the head is snowy, still memory and the dream.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

GREGG SHORTHAND MEANS OPPORTUNITY

for patriotic service in business and in the Civil Service. Stenographers are urgently needed everywhere.

GREGG SHORTHAND training saves time in learning, makes expert stenographers and assures good positions to graduates.

GREGG SCHOOL is delightfully located. All rooms are light, well ventilated, splendidly equipped, and the environment the best. In the matter of personal instruction, a genuine interest in each student and in every detail that makes progress resultful, the school is unequalled.

START ANY MONDAY—DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

WRITE or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue. A visit to the school is the best way in which to judge of the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students. (We do not employ solicitors, canvassers or agents.)

GREGG SCHOOL

6 N. Michigan Ave., Corner Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Application

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue